

Haunted Mansion

Stories
Inspired by
the Classic

Disney
Attraction



SIG

#1

\$2.95



DIRGE

Welcome, Foolish Mortals...

Room for a Thousand

Many ghosts have thought they had what it takes to be resident number 1,000 of our infamous manse. In this story, the newest hopeful spook takes us on a quick tour of the house.

Written and Illustrated by Eric Jones
Words courtesy of the Ghost Host

Blueprint for Murder

The designers of the mansion become the first after-life inhabitants in a story of greed, envy and murder.

Written and Illustrated by Jon "Bean" Hastings

While the Fifi is Away

Tales from the pet cemetery from the master of creepy animals.

Written and Illustrated by Roman Dirge

Talking Heads

Madame Leota gives advice to a lovelorn ghost who has a bit of personal problem.

Written and Illustrated by Black Olive

The New Groundskeeper

A new groundskeeper starts work at the mansion, and the residents have *opinions* about his replacement.

Written and Illustrated by D.W. Frydendall

The Mystery of the Manse Part One

The story of William Gracey and the truth about the mansion's creepy history begins in this issue.

Written by Dan Vado

Illustrated by Mike Moss and Brian Belew

HAUNTED MANSION

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Haunted Mansion
#1, October 2005.
Published by SLG
Publishing, P.O. Box
26427, San Jose, CA
95159-6427. Contents
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Printed in Canada.

ROOM for a THOUSAND

AH! THERE YOU ARE!
YOU'VE ARRIVED TO
FILL OUR QUOTA...

KINDLY STEP INSIDE
PLEASE, THERE'S A
CHILL IN THE AIR...

LOOK ALIVE! THERE'S
NO TURNING BACK NOW...



WELCOME TO THE
HAUNTED MANSION.

I'M CERTAIN YOU WILL FIND
THE ACCOMMODATIONS HERE
IN OUR MOLDERING SANCTUM
JUST TO YOUR LIKING.

EVERY ROOM HAS
WALL-TO-WALL
CREEPS, AND HOT-
AND-COLD RUNNING
CHILLS.

HERE, YOU SEE
PAINTINGS OF
SOME OF OUR
GUESTS IN THEIR
CORRUPTIBLE,
MORTAL STATE.

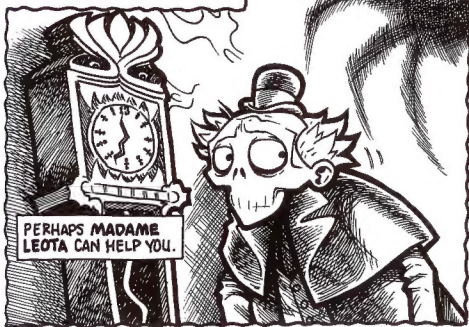
NO FLASH
PICTURES,
PLEASE.

WE SPIRITS ARE
FRIGHTFULLY
SENSITIVE TO
BRIGHT LIGHTS...



WE FIND IT DELIGHTFULLY
UNLIVABLE HERE IN
THIS GHOSTLY RETREAT...

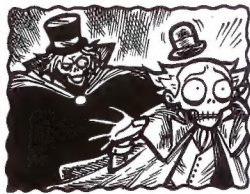
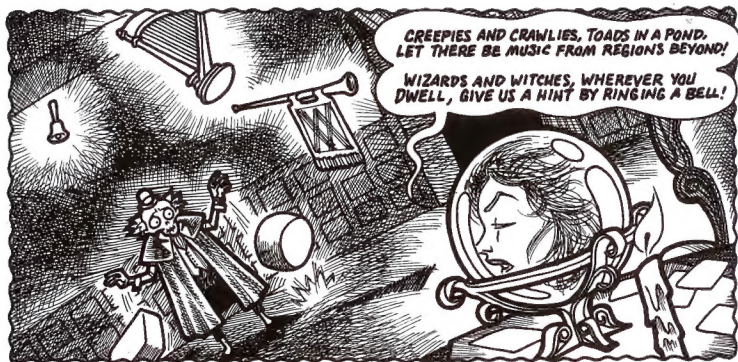
...BUT YOUR CADAVEROUS
PALLOR BETRAYS AN
AURA OF FOREBODING.

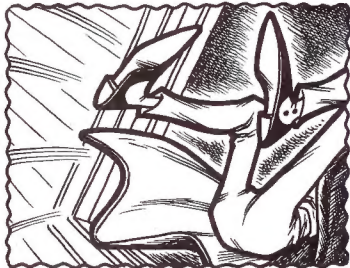


PERHAPS MADAME
LEOTA CAN HELP YOU.

SHE'S BEEN
DYING
TO MEET YOU.

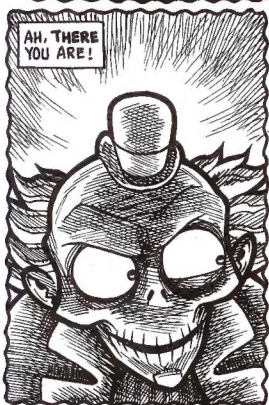






♪ WHEN THE CRYPT DOORS CREAK AND THE
TOMBSTONES QUAKE ~ SPOOKS COME OUT
FOR A SWINGING WAKE ~ HAPPY HAUNTS
MATERIALIZE ~ AND BEGIN TO VOCALIZE ~
GRIM GRINNING GHOSTS COME OUT TO
SOCIALIZE ! ♪





I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE BURIED
YOUR TREPIDATION AND JOINED
THE REVELERS IN THE DIRGE!



THERE ARE 999 HAPPY HAUNTS RESIDING IN MY HUMBLE HOME BUT I'M ETERNALLY INDEBTED TO THE FIRST OF MY PERMANENT GUESTS... MY ARCHITECTS, MR. DAVIS AND MR. COATS. THEY PROVIDED SUCH A STRONG FOUNDATION FOR THOSE WHO WOULD FOLLOW, ALL THANKS TO THEIR...

BLUEPRINT FOR MURDER!

THE ARCHITECTURAL FIRM OF COATS AND DAVIS HAD TALENT BUT LITTLE SUCCESS AND NO UNCERTAIN AMOUNT OF GREED. A PERFECT COMBINATION FOR MY BUILDING NEEDS.

YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, GENTLEMAN, BUT IT IS DECIDED. FOR YOUR DISCRETION REGARDING CERTAIN HIDDEN DESIGN ELEMENTS IN MY MANSION, I WILL PAY YOU TWICE YOUR NORMAL FEE.

YOU MAY REST ASSURED THAT OUR WORK WILL REFLECT YOUR... INNOVATIVE... STRUCTURAL IDEAS AND THAT OUR LIPS SHALL REMAIN FIRMLY SEALED, MR. GRACEY.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY AND THEN SOME, SIR!

WELL THEN, GENTLEMEN, I SHALL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR INKS AND DRAWING APPARATUS. I WISH CONSTRUCTION TO BEGIN POST HASTE.

WE WILL STRIVE TO PLEASE, MR. GRACEY.

UNTIL OUR FINGERS CRAMP FROM EFFORT!

TWO MORE DIFFERING PERSONALITIES YOU COULD NOT HOPE TO FIND THAN IN THESE COLLEAGUES. THEY HAD BEEN BROUGHT TOGETHER BY CREATIVITY, ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR AND NOW BY A PROJECT BOTH CHALLENGING AND CAREER DEFINING.

FREELY FLYING BUTTRESSES! WE'VE DONE IT, MR. COATS!

AT LAST, A CLIENT WORTHY OF OUR TALENT, AND SUCH A CHALLENGE... A MANSION, TO BE DEvised WITH ALL MANNER OF PUZZLING CONTRAPTIONS!

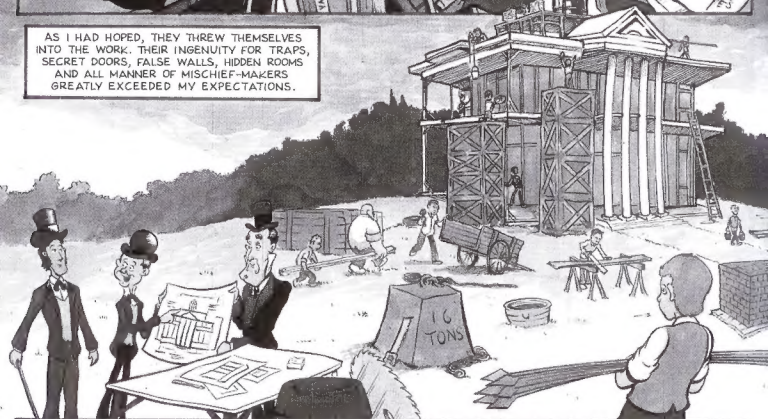
I'M POSITIVELY GIDDY, SIR!

INDEED ON ALL ACCOUNTS, MR. DAVIS. FORTUNE HAS INDEED SMILED BROADLY ON US TODAY.

THE TASK WAS LARGE, SO THEY DIVIDED THE WORK BETWEEN THEM, EACH USING HIS CREATIVITY IN HIS OWN DISTINCTIVE MANNER. MR. COATS, SLOW AND STEADY, ADDED RESTRAINED DETAILS ALONG THE WAY. MR. DAVIS, IN CONTRAST, RAN RIOT OVER PAGE AFTER PAGE, THE IDEAS ERUPTING FROM HIS MIND AND FLOWING FROM HIS HAND TO THE PAPER AS FAST AS THE INSPIRATION STRUCK.



AS I HAD HOPED, THEY THREW THEMSELVES INTO THE WORK. THEIR INGENUITY FOR TRAPS, SECRET DOORS, FALSE WALLS, HIDDEN ROOMS AND ALL MANNER OF MISCHIEF-MAKERS GREATLY EXCEEDED MY EXPECTATIONS.



AS THE WORK NEARED COMPLETION, I FELT A TRAP OF MY OWN DEIVING NEEDED TO BE SET. ALL IT REQUIRED WAS THE SIMPLE APPLICATION OF A SMALL COMPLIMENT...

FINE, FINE WORK, GENTLEMEN. MR. DAVIS, I PARTICULARLY LIKE THE GIANT GUEST-EJECTING SPRING DISGUISED AS A SPIRAL STAIRCASE.



WHY... WHY THANK YOU, MR. GRACEY. ...NOW DO NOT WORRY ONE IOTA! MR. COATS AND I ARE WATCHING OVER EVERY LAST DETAIL.

REMEMBER, THE DEVIL'S IN THE DETAILS, MR. DAVIS.

UH... IF YOU SAY SO, SIR.



ADD TO THE COMPLIMENT A SIMPLE CLICHE AND A DEVIOUS SEED WAS PLANTED IN THE DARK RECESSES OF MR. COATS' CREATIVE MIND.

"...IN THE DETAILS." HMMMM.



ROOTED IN THE FERTILE SOIL OF SEVERAL DEADLY SINS, THE SEED GREW INTO A PLAN... AN ARCHITECTURAL PLAN.

THAT LITTLE WEASEL! BAH! I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT HIS SCHEMING, DEVIOUS, BRAIN WOULD FIND A WAY TO STEAL MY LIMELIGHT! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN FULL OF ONE-UPMANSHIP, WITH HIS FLASHY BALUSTRADES, OVERDONE WAINSCOTING AND GAUDY KNOBS!



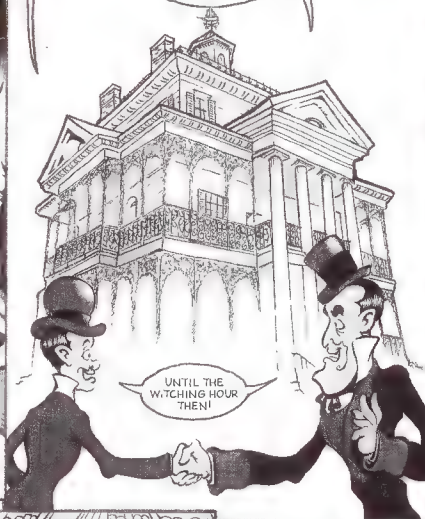
LET HIM TRY TO ESCAPE THE PLAN I HAVE IN STORE FOR HIM! IT'S ASSURED THAT I'LL BE THE MASTER ARCHITECT OF HIS DESTRUCTION!

SINCE THEY HAD DIVIDED THE WORK, MR. COATS FOUND IT EASY TO SLIP HIS NEW PLANS IN WITH THE EXISTING ONES. HIS NOW-DESPISED PARTNER WAS NONE THE WISER AND SOON THE GLORY AND ADULATION, NOT TO MENTION A FAT WAD OF CASH, WOULD BE MR. COATS ALONE.

FINISHED AT LONG LAST, MR. COATS! WE MUST CELEBRATE!

I AM EQUALLY AS DELIGHTED BUT I FEAR IT WOULD BE BAD LUCK FOR US TO OFFICIALLY END THE CONSTRUCTION TODAY, BEING FRIDAY THE THIRTIETH AND ALL HOWEVER, HAVING REALIZED THIS UNFORTUNATE HAPPENSTANCE MIGHT OCCUR, I LEFT ONE BIT OF WORK UNDONE. MEET ME HERE TONIGHT AND AS THE CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT WE WILL FINISH THE HOUSE TOGETHER.

SPLENDID IDEA! WE WOULDN'T WANT TO START THIS HOUSE'S... HEH, *STORIED*. CAREER OFF ON AN UNLUCKY DAY.



UNTIL THE WITCHING HOUR THEN!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE HANDS OF TIME CREEPT TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, THE TWO MEN MET... AND ENTERED THEIR CREATION.

AFTER YOU, MR. COATS.

NO, MY DEAR MR DAVIS, AFTER YOU

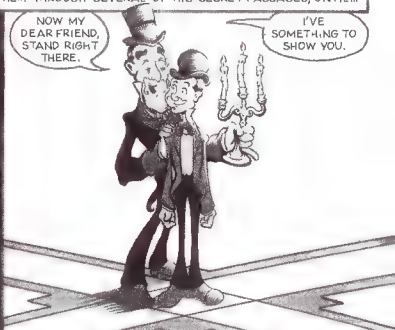


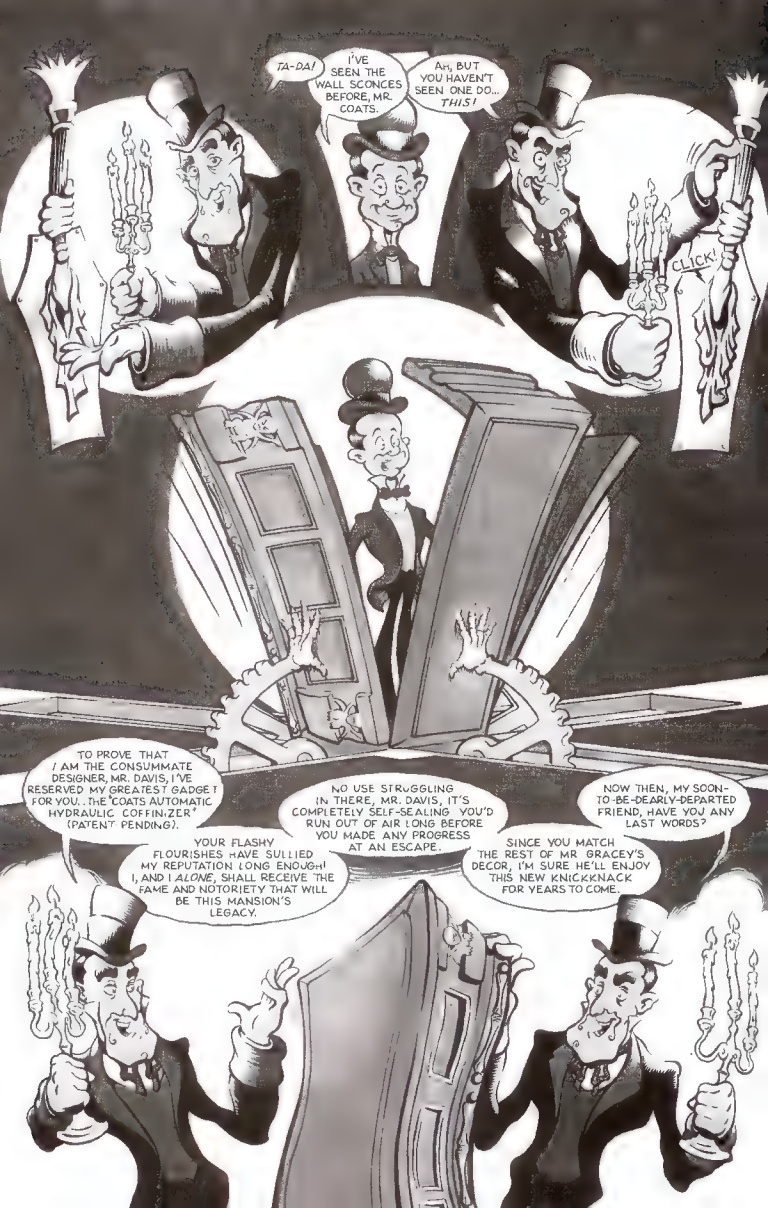
ABLE TO KEEP A WATCHFUL EYE ON HIS RIVAL... MR. COATS WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO LET MR. DAVIS LEAD THE WAY. MR. DAVIS, LITTLE KNOWING HIS FATE, GLEEFULLY LED THEM THROUGH SEVERAL OF HIS SECRET PASSAGES, UNTIL...

AH, YES, HERE WE ARE!

NOW MY DEAR FRIEND, STAND RIGHT THERE.

I'VE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.



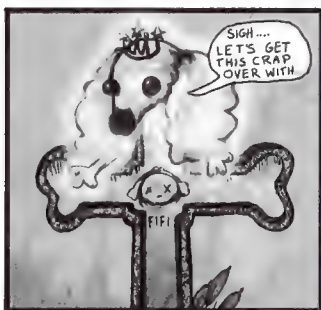


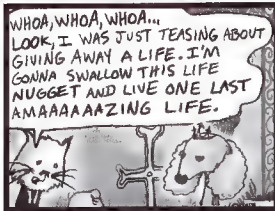
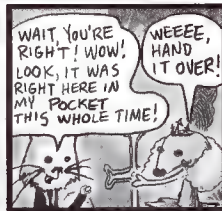
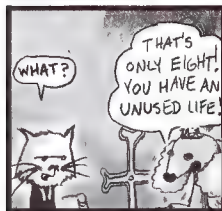
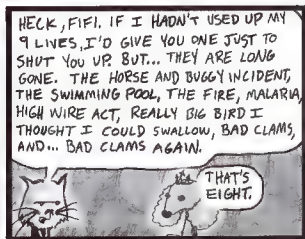
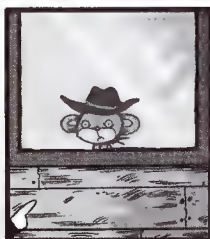
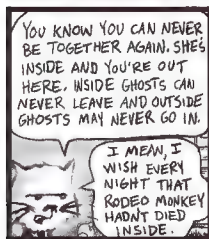
While the Fifi is Away...

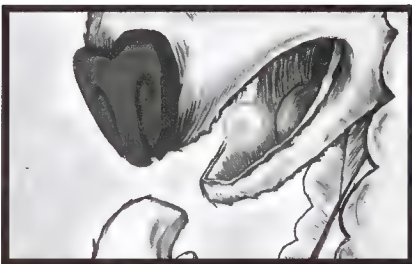
by Roman Dirge

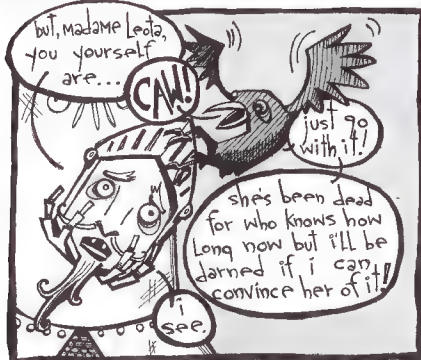
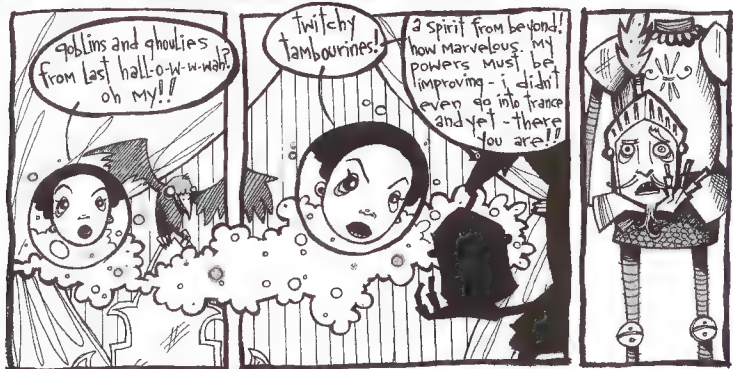
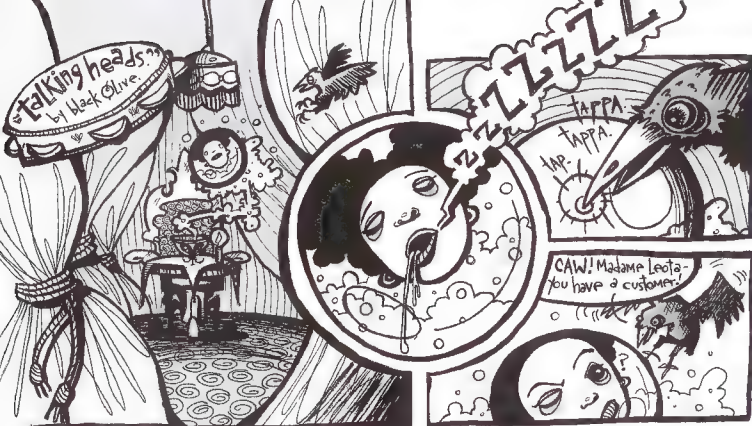


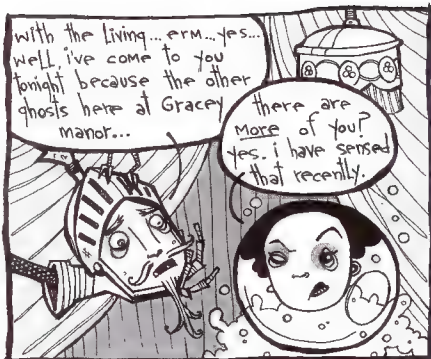
The Gracey Mansion
999 really cool ghosts in there
Each one has some amazing story behind them
So what do I choose to fixate on first?
A patch of weeds and dirt out front
and to the left

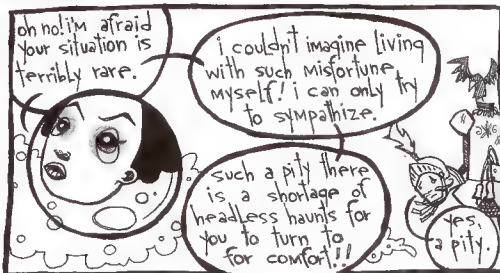
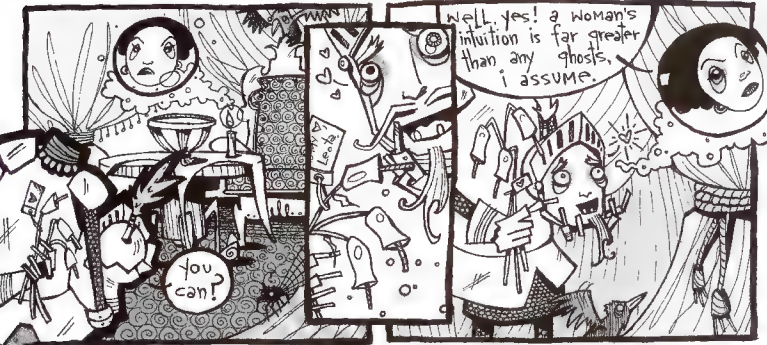
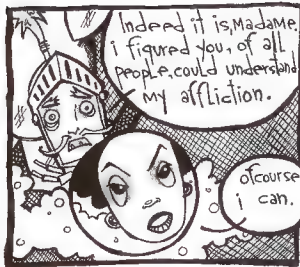


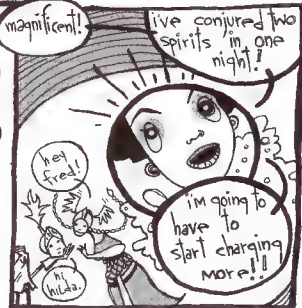
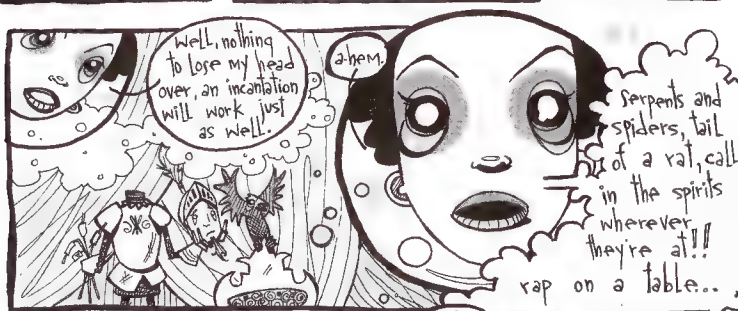
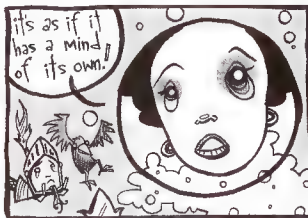
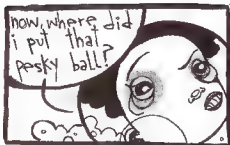


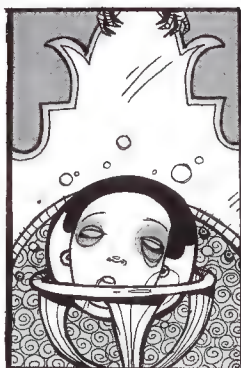
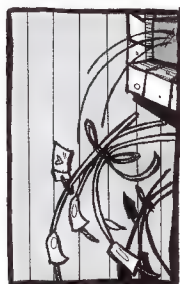
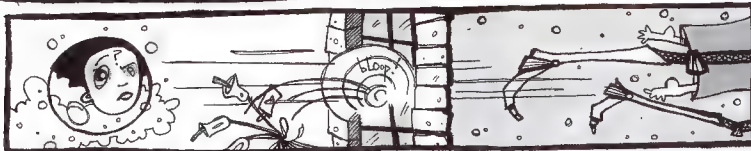
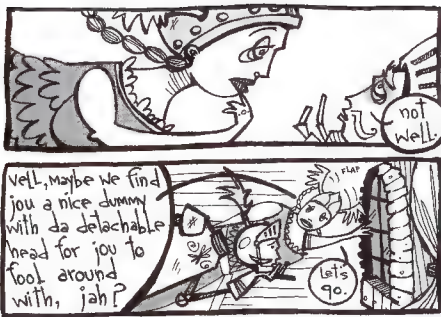
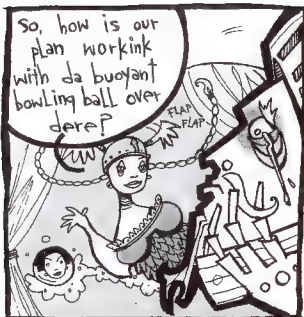






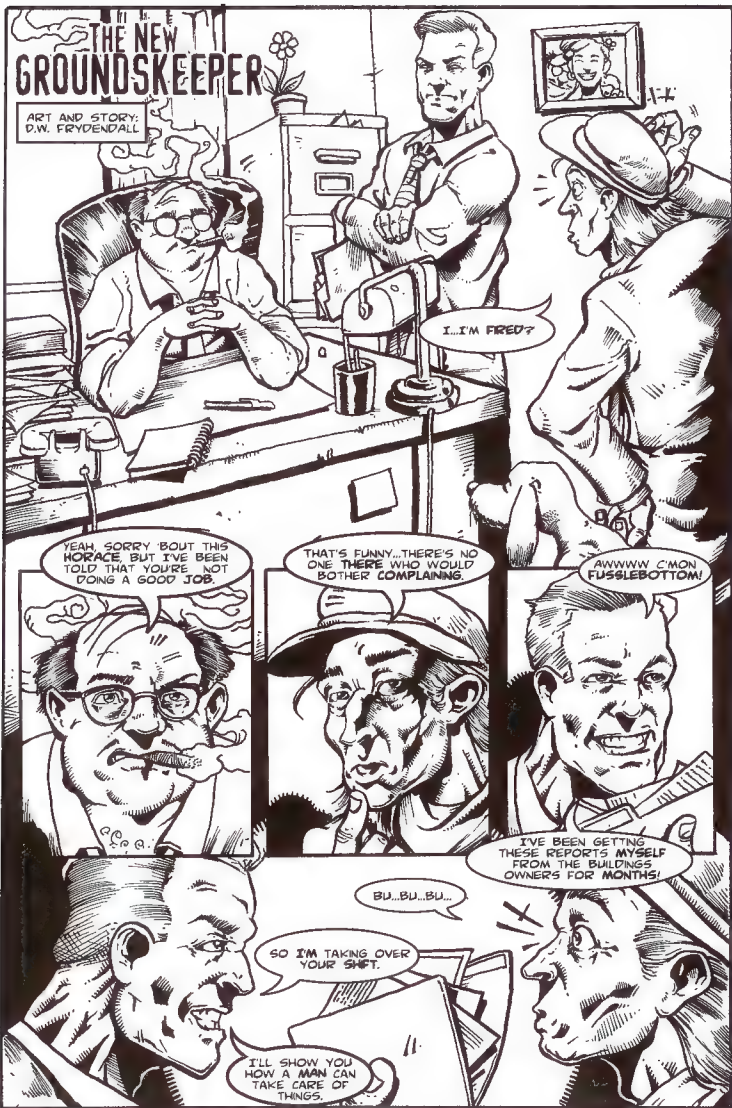







THE NEW GROUNDSKEEPER

ART AND STORY:
D.W. FRYDENDALL





GEE...THEY SURE
WON'T LIKE SOME
STRANGER AROUND
THERE.




WHAT DO YOU
MEAN "THEY"?

QUIT YOUR NONSENSE
FUSSLEBOTTOM!

I STILL DON'T
THINK THEY'LL
LIKE IT...

I'M TAKIN' OVER
YOUR JOB SO
YOU'RE FREE TO
LEAVE ANYTIME!



HAI! NOW THAT
FUSSLEBOTTOM'S OUT
OF THE WAY I CAN FIND
THIS TREASURE I'VE
HEARD THOSE CRAZY
RUMORS ABOUT.

TALKING OL' UNCLE
CHARLES INTO FIRING
THAT GUY WAS REALLY
EASY. WHAT A WIMP!



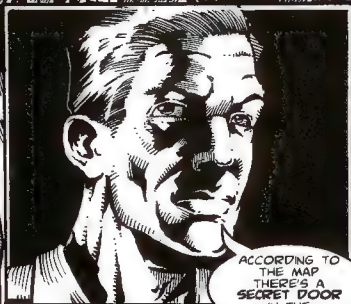
HORACE FUSSLEBOTTOM
IS PROBABLY THE
WORLD'S BIGGEST...

GRACEY
MANOR
1313

LOCK
PICK
SET



...COWARD.



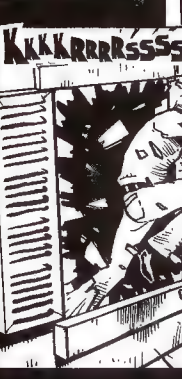
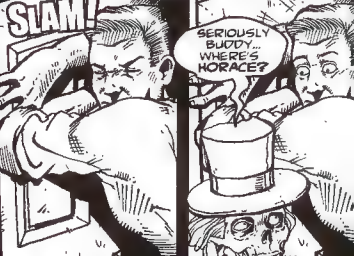
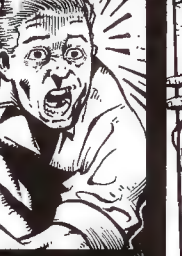
ACCORDING TO
THE MAP
THERE'S A
SECRET DOOR
IN THE
LIBRARY.

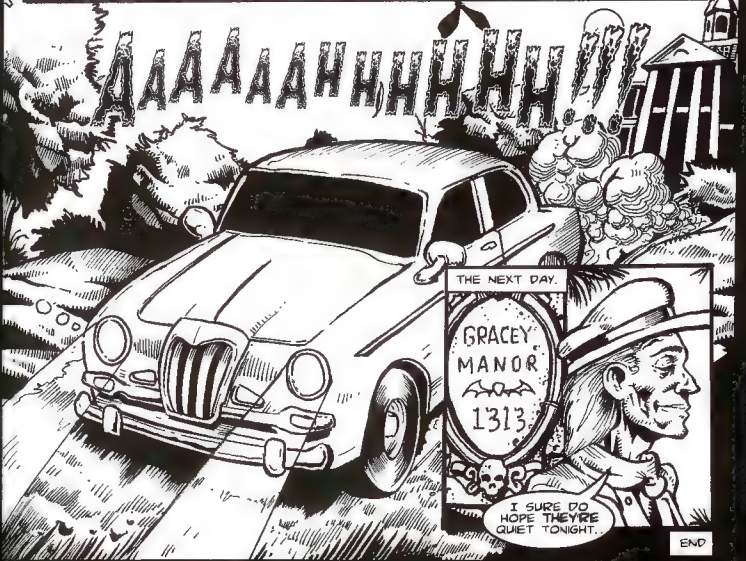
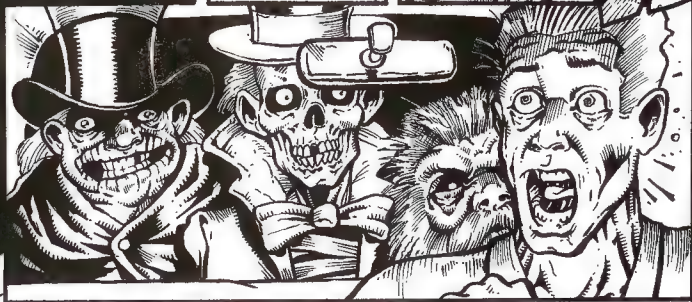
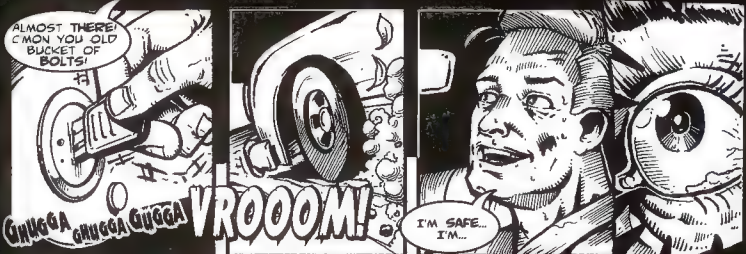


WHO'S
THIS?

I DUNNO...







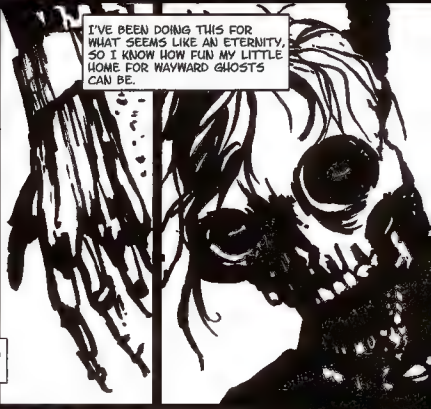
Mystery of the MANSE

Part One



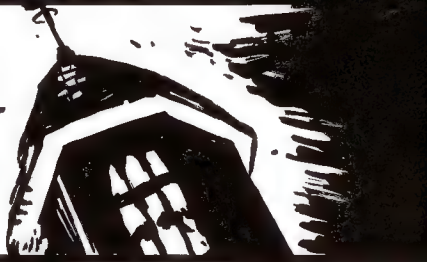
AHH! THERE YOU ARE!

I HOPE YOU'VE HAD AS MUCH FUN
HANGING AROUND AS I HAVE.



I'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR
WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY,
SO I KNOW HOW FUN MY LITTLE
HOME FOR WAYWARD GHOSTS
CAN BE.


BUT BY NOW YOU MUST BE DYING
OF CURIOSITY ABOUT HOW THIS
PLACE CAME TO BE, AND HOW
I CAME TO BE THE HOST OF
THESE 999 HAPPY HAUNTS.




AS WITH MOST OF MY GHOULISH
GUESTS, MY STORY BEGINS
INNOCENTLY ENOUGH...



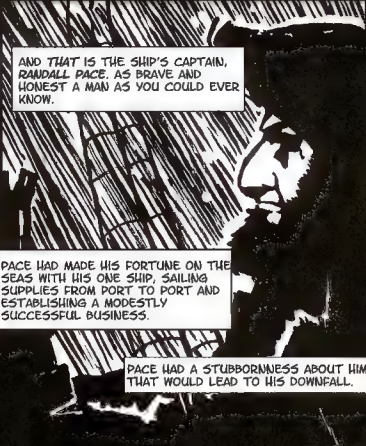
...WITH A VOYAGE ON THE
CALM, CARIBBEAN SEA.



A VOYAGE WHICH TURNED
HELLISH IN A SUDDEN STORM...



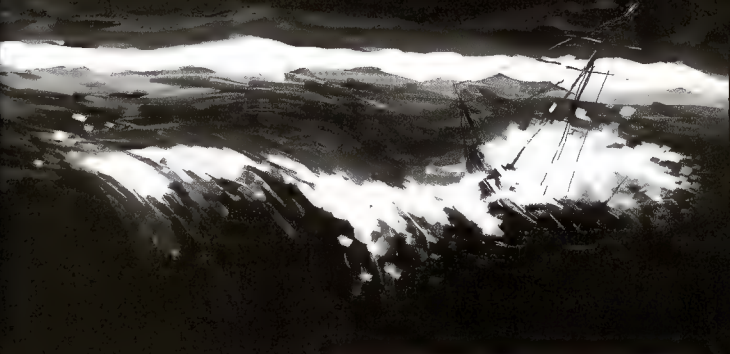
THAT'S ME, MASTER WILLIAM GRACEY IN MORTAL FORM. I AM THE FIRST MATE ON THE SAILING SHIP, POMONA, A SLOOP THAT RAN PORT TO PORT TRADING IN A VARIETY OF SUPPLIES.



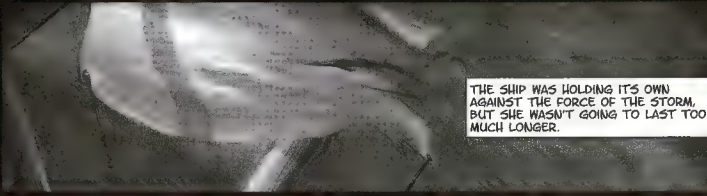
AND THAT IS THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN, RANDALL PACE. AS BRAVE AND HONEST A MAN AS YOU COULD EVER KNOW.

PACE HAD MADE HIS FORTUNE ON THE SEAS WITH HIS ONE SHIP, SAILING SUPPLIES FROM PORT TO PORT AND ESTABLISHING A MODESTLY SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS.

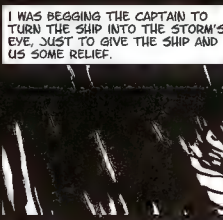
PACE HAD A STUBBORNNESS ABOUT HIM THAT WOULD LEAD TO HIS DOWNFALL.




IT WAS ON THIS FATEFUL DAY THAT PACE, DETERMINED TO MAKE A VOYAGE TO BARBADOS, HAD TURNED THE POMONA INTO A STORM OVER THE PROTESTS OF BOTH MYSELF AND THE REST OF THE CREW.



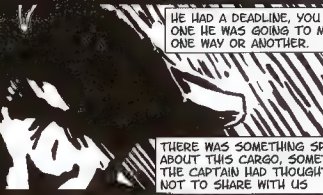
THE SHIP WAS HOLDING ITS OWN AGAINST THE FORCE OF THE STORM, BUT SHE WASN'T GOING TO LAST TOO MUCH LONGER.



I WAS BEGGING THE CAPTAIN TO TURN THE SHIP INTO THE STORM'S EYE, JUST TO GIVE THE SHIP AND US SOME RELIEF.

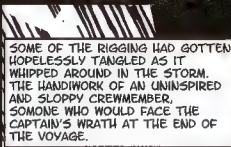


BUT THE CAPTAIN WOULD HAVE NONE OF OUR COMPLAINING AND SIMPLY ORDERED US BACK TO WORK.



HE HAD A DEADLINE, YOU SEE, ONE HE WAS GOING TO MAKE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.


THERE WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THIS CARGO, SOMETHING THE CAPTAIN HAD THOUGHT BEST NOT TO SHARE WITH US



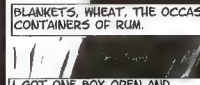
SOME OF THE RIGGING HAD GOTTEN HOPELESSLY TANGLED AS IT WHIPPED AROUND IN THE STORM. THE HANDWORK OF AN UNINSPIRED AND SLOPPY CREWMEMBER, SOMEONE WHO WOULD FACE THE CAPTAIN'S WRATH AT THE END OF THE VOYAGE.



WITHOUT HAVING TO DIG TOO MUCH, I FOUND A SWORD IN THE HOLD WITH THE REST OF THE CARGO.



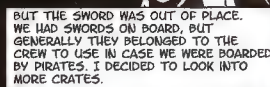
THE MANIFEST READ "SUPPLIES." THAT I KNOW BECAUSE IT WAS MY JOB TO KNOW THESE THINGS. MOST OF THE CARGO WE TRANSPORTED WAS OF THE MUNDANE VARIETY.




BLANKETS, WHEAT, THE OCCASIONAL CONTAINERS OF RUM.



ASSUMING WE SURVIVED



BUT THE SWORD WAS OUT OF PLACE. WE HAD SWORDS ON BOARD, BUT GENERALLY THEY BELONGED TO THE CREW TO USE IN CASE WE WERE BOARDED BY PIRATES. I DECIDED TO LOOK INTO MORE CRATES.

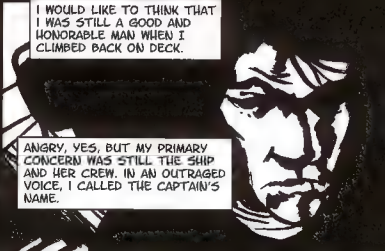


I GOT ONE BOX OPEN AND DISCOVERED THAT THIS CARGO



WAS MOST DEFINITELY
NOT BLANKETS.

IT SEEMED THAT THE GOOD
CAPTAIN PACE HAD DECIDED
TO BECOME A GUNRUNNER
WITHOUT CONSULTING THE
CREW OR THE FIRST MATE.




I WOULD LIKE TO THINK THAT
I WAS STILL A GOOD AND
HONORABLE MAN WHEN I
CLIMBED BACK ON DECK.

ANGRY, YES, BUT MY PRIMARY
CONCERN WAS STILL THE SHIP
AND HER CREW. IN AN OUTRAGED
VOICE, I CALLED THE CAPTAIN'S
NAME.



PACE!!!

THE FEROCITY OF MY TONE CAUGHT THE CREWMEMBERS' ATTENTION,
EVEN OVER THE HOWLING WINDS, WHICH, IN MY RECOLLECTION AT LEAST,
HAD SEEMED TO SUBSIDE AS MY ANGER GREW.

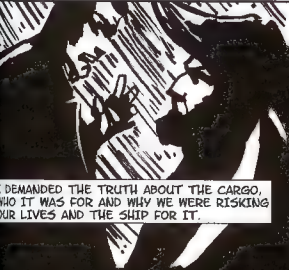


I CONFRONTED THE CAPTAIN WITH WHAT I HAD
DISCOVERED. TRUTH BE TOLD, I HAD NO REASON
TO BE ANGRY ABOUT THE CARGO. IT WAS JUST
CARGO, AFTER ALL. BUT THAT THE CAPTAIN WOULD
RISK OUR LIVES FOR A HIGH VALUE SHIPMENT
AND NOT OFFER US EXTRA COMPENSATION OR EVEN
THE CHANCE TO BACK OUT OF A DANGEROUS VOYAGE.

HIS REPLY WAS AS QUICK AS IT WAS THOUGHTLESS

TRUTH?

TRUTH IS NOT
ON THE MANIFEST,
AND IS NONE OF
YOUR CONCERN.



I DEMANDED THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CARGO,
WHO IT WAS FOR AND WHY WE WERE RISKING
OUR LIVES AND THE SHIP FOR IT.



THE STORM REPLIED TO THE CAPTAIN WHEN A SUDDEN GUST BROKE SOME OF THE RIGGINGS FREE.



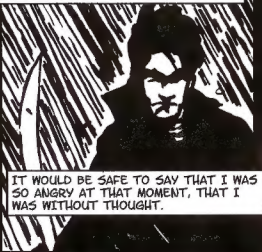
THE CAPTAIN FOUND HIMSELF TIED UP AND STRUGGLING WITH THE BROKEN PARTS OF THE MAST. HE WAS FRANTIC AS THE WINDS STARTED TO HOWL AGAIN.



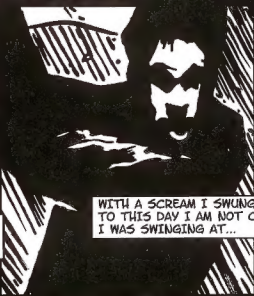
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU FOOL, CUT ME LOOSE!



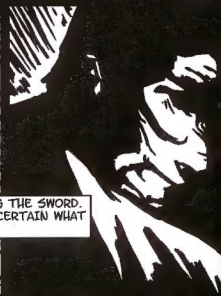
SO MANY THINGS PASSED THROUGH MY MIND AT THAT MOMENT, IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO LIST THEM ALL.



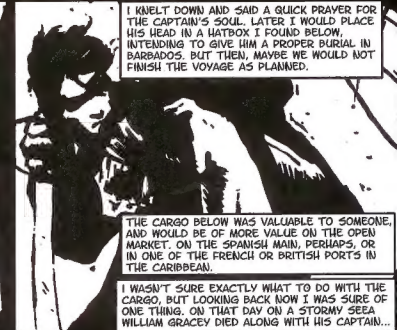
IT WOULD BE SAFE TO SAY THAT I WAS SO ANGRY AT THAT MOMENT, THAT I WAS WITHOUT THOUGHT.



WITH A SCREAM I SWUNG THE SWORD. TO THIS DAY I AM NOT CERTAIN WHAT I WAS SWINGING AT...



ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS WHAT I HIT.



I KNELT DOWN AND SAID A QUICK PRAYER FOR THE CAPTAIN'S SOUL. LATER I WOULD PLACE HIS HEAD IN A HATBOX I FOUND BELOW, INTENDING TO GIVE HIM A PROPER BURIAL IN BARBADOS. BUT THEN, MAYBE WE WOULD NOT FINISH THE VOYAGE AS PLANNED.

THE CARGO BELOW WAS VALUABLE TO SOMEONE, AND WOULD BE OF MORE VALUE ON THE OPEN MARKET. ON THE SPANISH MAIN, PERHAPS, OR IN ONE OF THE FRENCH OR BRITISH PORTS IN THE CARIBBEAN.

I WASN'T SURE EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH THE CARGO, BUT LOOKING BACK NOW I WAS SURE OF ONE THING. ON THAT DAY ON A STORMY SEA WILLIAM GRACEY DIED ALONG WITH HIS CAPTAIN...



...AND CAPTAIN BLOOD WAS BORN.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

Ghoulish Contributors



Eric
Jones

Eric Jones is the co-creator and artist of *The Super-Scary Monster Show* featuring *Little Gloomly*. He is also the co-writer (along with his *Little Gloomly* co-creator) of the SLG Publishing series *Tron*, based on the classic Disney film.

Jon has been known to make the 500-mile trek to Disneyland simply to eat a churro outside of the the Haunted Mansion. His current project is a children's book called *Terrabella Smoot and the Unsung Monsters*.



Jon
"Bean"
Hastings



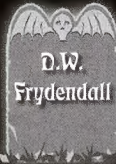
Roman
Dirge

Roman is the creator of the hit SLG comic *Lenore* as well as various other SLG comics, including *Something at the Window Is Scratching* and *The Monsters in My Tummy*. Roman has ridden the Haunted Mansion so often he now has his mail forwarded there.

Black Olive is best known for her SLG comic *Outlook: Grim*. When not writing and drawing, Olive spends most of her time scaring small children with bedtime stories involving pachyderm. She is wary of electrical appliances that turn on by themselves.



Black
Olive



D.W.
Frydendall

D.W. Frydendall has been illustrating horror since he could pick up a pencil. His most recent comic work includes Asylum's Press's critically acclaimed *Satan's Three Ring Circus of Hell*. He recently released a book of his art, titled *The Creeps*, from Burnside Publishing.



Mike
Moss

Brian Belew and Mike Moss died in 1896 when their office inexplicably burst into flames, ruining the opening of their newly formed business, Indoor Fireworks, Inc. Recently exhumed and amply covered in moisturizer, the duo continues to design and illustrate for the lucrative undead market in the San Francisco Bay Area.



Brian
Belew



DARTH SCANNER
DARTH SCANNER



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COMICS INDUSTRY
AND YOUR LOCAL
COMICS SHOP!
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